



VOL. XVIII.



Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Michigan Agricultural Transactions.

We have received a compact Svo. of 234 pages, comprising the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of Michigan— one of the youngest States in the Union. This Society was organized last year, under the patronage of the State, and appropriated the sum of one thousand dollars to be expended in premiums at its first annual exhibition. The exhibition appears to have been very successful, as the total receipts, derived from the State, from the sale of tickets, &c., amounted to \$3,923.91. In addition to the aid afforded to this Society, the State also authorizes the assessment, in each county, of a tax on all the property of not less than one-tenth nor more than one-fifth of a mill on a dollar, for the encouragement of the County Societies. We hope the older States that have not yet, will ere long follow her example in extending a liberal encouragement to Agriculture.

The improvements in agriculture do not vary

materially, but they are rather in advance in the undulating sections in consideration of the power

which their location bestows, and the information

which our own agricultural papers give, they

being more generally taken in this section than in

any other.

With regard to roads the account will not

stand in favor of the more level portion of the

country, from the following considerations: The

business, and consequently the roads, in the more

level part, lead across the undulations or ridges,

while the roads in the uneven parts, pass be-

tween the hills and mountains, beside the streams

and rivers. More business has been done over

the first mentioned roads, and thereby they have

been thrown into a poorer state of repair. And

lastly it is very apparent that more money has

been expended in the repairs of roads in the hilly

and mountainous than in the more level, espe-

cially in proportion to the means of the inhabi-

tants.

The road from Breton's Mills, in Livermore,

through Canton, the east part of Peru, the west

part of Sumner, the north part of Woodstock,

Franklin Plantation, Rumford, Hanover, Newry

and Letter A, No. 2, to within six miles of Lake

Umbagog, although the hills and mountains which

we have visited, but have seen none except this

which is worthy the name. We traveled six or

seven miles, made observation, and returned in

four hours.

We were favored in our visit to White Cap,

Rumford, with the company of Deacon Martin,

his lady, and two daughters. There are some

mountains in the vicinity still higher, but the

view is rather beautiful. This mountain re-

ceived its name from its appearance. It is a

huge, solid rock of white granite, nearly bare.

It was once covered with soil and a growth, but

fire consumed both. How came this vast rock

covered with soil sufficiently deep for a growth of

wood, and so thin that fire consumed it? We

hazard our opinion that, at creation's birth, it was

a bare rock,—that the rock decomposed, vegeta-

tion commenced, and the decomposition of rock

and vegetation continued until soil accumulated

sufficient to sustain a growth of timber.

The east side is quite abrupt but the south and

west side slopes, for a mile or two, present an

inclined plane, over which carriage might pass

with perfect safety. This view is rather beauti-

ful. The east side, in and about an hour's ride,

is the most beautiful mountain we ever visited.—

Where there is soil or turf blueberries grow in

rich profusion, the largest and sweetest we ever

saw. Here, likewise, were found wild pears,

the sweetest and most delicious fruit or berry we

ever ate. The hives were given in presence of the

ladies, and the bees were the party for this delicious

honey, that the ladies filled their aprons and

the gentlemen's hats.

We were entertained by our host and his family

with a rich treat of music. It is always the

case that people think there is nothing farther

back. In Europe, nothing in America; in Mas-

sachusetts, nothing in Maine; and in Kennebec,

nothing up country. But we wish to have it un-

derstood, henceforth and forever, that there is

something everywhere. We appreciate the music

of Kennebec, and subtract nothing from its ex-

cellence when we say, you must brush up, if you

want to sing to us on White Cap. M. D. S.

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Written for the Maine Farmer.

Mountains and Mountain Scenery in Maine.

TOWNSHIP LETTER A, NO. 2, {

August 25, 1850.

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August 25, 1850.

DR. HOLMES:—So you see we are as high up

in the world as yourself or any of our neighbors!

When we left our humble domicile, to give an ac-

count of our wanderings, or any thing that ap-

peared to us, was foreign to our mind.

But we are now in the midst of so much that is

beautiful, grand and interesting, that we cannot

reasonably resist the inclination; so we shall

behave ourselves accordingly.

Cannot some Yankee invent a machine for this

business that will be cheap, efficient and durable?

If so, let him speak.

Milk Vinegar.

Every family uses vinegar of some kind.

In this State it is mostly made from cider.

It may be made also from other material, such as from

the sap of the maple, water sweetened, and water in which some sprigs has been mingled.

It may also be made from the whey of milk, and

thus from the sugar of milk. This sugar is ex-

tracted from whey.

We are told by some writers who have trav-

eled in Switzerland, that the cowherds in that

country adopt the following process, to make the

sugar. It is poured into casings with some aromatic plants

and then the whey is added.

It is then left to stand for a time, when the

water is strained off, and the whey is

boiled down to a syrup.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



R. EATON, Proprietor. E. HOLMES, Editor

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19, 1850.

Circular.

To the friends of the World's Industrial Exhibition:

A meeting of the committee appointed by the Governor, for the purpose of co-operating with the Central Committee, at Washington, respecting obtaining and forwarding articles from the United States to the great Industrial Exhibition, in London, next May, was held at the State House, on the 28th ult. It was then voted that a sub-committee, consisting of E. Holmes of Winthrop, Wm. A. Drew of Augusta, S. L. Goodall of Saco, S. K. Gilman of Hallowell, and L. Cudler of Dexter, should be appointed to correspond with gentlemen in different parts of the State, in regard to the subject. We therefore take the liberty to address you, and solicit your aid. It is desirable that the industrial skill of Maine should be represented at that fair, in company with her sister States, and in honorable competition with that of other people from other parts of the world.

We flatter ourselves that it requires only a moderate exercise of zeal and activity, well directed to the accomplishment of this purpose, to enable our citizens to take a respectable rank with other competitors on this great national theatre, devoted to the display of the natural and artificial products of the civilized world. Almost every section of the State has some interesting and useful natural product, some raw material, which, if put into requisition, would become, under the modifying hand of experience and industry, a source of wealth, and almost every section has some manufacture in which the raw material of our own or other lands is changed in form, increased in value, and rendered subservient to the wants and the comforts of life. Will you give a little of your time and attention to this matter, and aid us by such suggestions as may occur to you? In a business of this nature its success must depend upon the mutual and united action of individuals scattered throughout the State, and this action must be prompted by a desire to promote the public welfare, taking for its reward its share of approbation, which the great and good award, and the satisfaction of being part and parcel of a community whose industrial power and consequent social improvements and enjoyments command the respect of all mankind. We are strong in the belief that if the people of Maine would take hold of this matter with a right good hearty will, the exhibition of such articles as she could send would present, in a striking but peaceful and sinless manner, her natural resources and growing strength, and give to other nations a more convincing and abiding demonstration of our power as a people, than would a thousand victorious and destructive battles.

The project, you will perceive, is in its incipient stages, and requires the aid and experience of all who are friendly to it. Any communications relative to the subject, directed to the subscriber, at Winthrop, will be thankfully received and duly laid before the committee, at their next meeting, on the 31st of October, next.

Respectfully yours,
E. HOLMES,
Editor of Com. of Correspondence, &c.
Winthrop, Sept. 15, 1850.

N. B. A letter from London to the National Intelligencer, says—

"Your countryman, Mr. John Jay Smith, of Philadelphia, who projected the holding of a great industrial exhibition in the United States in 1852, by the removal of all the practical and suitable portions of the London exhibition to your shores, after they have all been done with here, has succeeded in all his designs. The design of the managing committee individually—they cannot officially—approve of and forward his design; and the manufacturers and intended exhibitors will earnestly aid it. Mr. Smith has been honored with a long personal interview with the King of Belgium, who cordially approves of it, and earnestly recommends a department of the fine arts in your exhibition. Baron Humboldt is the warm friend of the undertaking. The *fédérants* and the minister of commerce in France, and the minister of agriculture in Prussia, and Prussia, and Bavaria, and all others who are with him. Mr. Smith has had communication, approved of and will assist his designs. He will sail for the United States in the next steamer, to make arrangements at home, but will leave an agent here to attend to the business in his absence from England. We suppose that Boston, New York, and Philadelphia will now contend for the honor of the exhibition. We are anxious to hear what you are doing in preparation for the London exhibition next year. Depend upon it, you will be invited with returned visits in 1852. These two movements will do more to harmonize the world than the great peace congress now holding at Frankfort."

Something done by Congress at last.

After nine months of noisy talk, Congress have concluded to do something, and have therefore, in the space of forty-eight hours, passed the Texan Boundary Bill—Bill admitting California into the Union—Bill establishing a territorial government for New Mexico—Bill establishing a territorial government for Utah.

It is not our province in this place to expatiate upon these bills pro or con. We will say this, however, all the argument required respecting them, and all the action necessary for passing them might just as well have been made and done in one week during the first of the session, as in nine months after its commencement. This protraction of public business, and monstrous waste of the people's time and money, are very reprehensible. If they don't clear out soon, the coming session will commence before they leave their seats, and they may be considered the "rump parliament" in good earnest.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD IN PENNSYLVANIA. We last week mentioned a destructive flood which had recently occurred in Pennsylvania. Late accounts mention the loss of many lives. At Reading, eleven lives were lost by the great storm and flood; at Tamagua, thirty-six bodies have been taken up, among them the pastor of the German Lutheran congregation; at Berwick, Columbia county, twenty-one lives were lost; at Mount Heekley forge, thirteen persons, eight of whom were drowned. The number of buildings destroyed at Reading were twenty-five brick buildings, twenty-one frame dwellings, sixty-three stables, workshops and offices—making a total of one hundred and nine buildings destroyed. The aggregate loss at Reading is estimated at \$500,000.

CATTLE FAIR AT MERCER. It will be seen by our advertising columns that the enterprising farmers of Mercer, (Somerset Co.), will hold a Cattle Fair at their village on Thursday, 26th inst. The object is a good one, namely, to bring together their best stock, compare and exhibit them, buy and exchange. We hope they will have a general turn out and a profitable time, and should like to "be in their mess."

Letters from California.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter from Mr. Seth C. Whitehouse, who is now in California, to his brother in this city. Mr. W., it will be recollect, went out in the bark J. A. Thompson. The letter is dated at Stringtown, South Fork of Feather River, July 21, 1850.

He says, "I am about two hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, and we had a time in getting here. The way was this: A company of eight took the boat that Randall and Roberts got out in their store chamber, and put it together, flat bottom, seven of us started, on the 22d of April, from the vessel, up the Sacramento river. One of the company was afraid to go in the boat, we were so much filled up with bedding, provisions, and clothing, and so he backed out. We rigged a sail to her, and she proved to be very firm. Crossing Suisan Bay, we had it rough: some were frightened. We went up as far as Marysville, at the mouth of the Yuba river, where it empties into Feather river, which is 190 miles from the city. We were two weeks getting up, and it was the hardest and most fatiguing work I ever did. The current was from six to eight knots an hour against us. The steamboat charge \$35.00 up as far as we went, which I would sooner pay than go up as we did. At Marysville, we hired a teamster with four yokes of cattle to haul our provisions and bedding to this place. We had 2450 lbs., and paid him ten and one-half cents per lb.—total, \$257.25. It is fifty miles, and it took us two and a half days to perform the journey, and it almost took my life from me. I was taken the day before we started with dysentery, which turned into the bloody flux after I commenced walking, and took all my strength from me. By making great efforts I kept up with the team, and succeeded in getting here, much reduced. Had I been at home, I could have died willingly. By care I got over it in ten days: since then I have been very rugged and heavy—as much so as any one at the mines. All who go to the mines are subject to the disease, and very few escape it—all our company have had it.

Since we have been in the mines we have done nothing to speak of—have not earned enough to pay our board, if we had been compelled to pay it at the rate at which they are selling provisions here. We were lucky enough to buy my life from me. I was taken the day before we started with dysentery, which turned into the bloody flux after I commenced walking, and took all my strength from me. By making great efforts I kept up with the team, and succeeded in getting here, much reduced. Had I been at home, I could have died willingly. By care I got over it in ten days: since then I have been very rugged and heavy—as much so as any one at the mines. All who go to the mines are subject to the disease, and very few escape it—all our company have had it.

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The manner of getting the gold is this: We dig a hole (as you would dig a well) down until we come to the ledge, which is from two to fifteen feet deep: if there any gold in it, we find it—if you have any—in the pan. The biggest lump I have got weighs \$6.70. If we have much earth to wash, we use our gold-washers, made like a baby-cradle, and rocked in the same way—the earth runs through a sieve, and the gold is stopped by a bar.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

The steamer Asia arrived at Halifax on Monday last week, and reached New York early on the Wednesday following. She brings news from Liverpool up to Aug. 31st.

Cotton had declined from \$1 to \$1 of a penny per pound. Indian corn had advanced.

The money market continues easy. Several leading banks have lowered their rates of interest on deposits. Consols 964 for money and account.

Trade continues brisk in the manufacturing districts.

The weather has been unfavorable for harvesting operations, and the yield is not likely to be as great as was anticipated.

Louis Philippe died on the 29th of August.

Louis Napoleon is still on his tour through the Provinces. Queen Victoria has gone to Scotland.

Austria has given her adhesion to the English protection of the Danish question.

Nothing important from Schleswig-Holstein. The Russian Prince Constantine has arrived at Copenhagen. There is nothing new from the seat of war, beyond an account of some slight skirmishes.

The submarine telegraph between Dover and Calais has been completed, and works well.

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(London Mail, 30th.)

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On the 18th, the fate day of the Emperor, a terrible excess took place at Pesth, in Hungary, in the course of the morning the attitude of certain groups appeared rather threatening, but they were not guilty of any acts which could give the police a motive for interference. In the evening, at the theatre, things assumed a different appearance.

While the first verses of the Austrian national hymn were being sung by the actors, a group of persons, apparently belonging to the respectable class, began to protest by cries, whistling and threats. Their insolent vociferations were addressed to the highest persons in the state. To put an end to the scene of tumult, the intervention of the armed force was called for, and twenty-five persons were arrested.

The most guilty of those were immediately incorporated as private soldiers in a regiment, and the others had the bastinado applied to them at the rate of 30 strokes each. Affairs do not go well in Pesth, as could be expected.

For song has a home in the hearts of the free.

And long as thy heroes remember their scars,

And long as the sons of the mighty from shunner awake,

And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thus Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam

That covers the shores of thy fathers' old tree,

And long as the waters shall glisten in the sun,

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he Aboe Goule, all his children and grandchildren who were at Châlons at the time, and in the presence of the Queen, and his family had discharged every duty of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical frankness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness.

He then remained for some time surrounded by his family. Towards seven o'clock in the evening the debility from which the King had been suffering appeared to have passed over, and a fever came on, which continued during the night with much violence, but without disturbing the peace of mind, which never abandoned his Majesty.

He awoke at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, in the presence of the Queen and his family, who had received with applause. *Bohemian song* "Madame's Address to his Warriors," an aria from the opera of *Maometto Secondo*, by Rossini. He was very warmly applauded. There appeared Jenny Lind. Her performance and reception are described by the Herald.

She was received on foot, turned deadly pale, and the drops of perspiration ran down her face like rain. She had been doffed all the evening, lest she should not come up to her own high standard of surpassing excellence; but when she awoke before the audience her heart awoke with her, nor did the hurricane of applause with which she was greeted, sufficiently restore her tranquillity in time to permit her to sing the "Costa Dica," as she sang it at the two rehearsals. When she made her appearance on the stage, there was a universal burst of cheering which lasted several minutes, the audience all rising and clapping their hats and handkerchiefs, and casting showers of bouquets at her feet. After the first tumult subsided, she was received with a round of applause, and then, with a smile, took her position to sing, she was welcomed with another tremendous burst of enthusiasm. She looked well, and was very chastely dressed. In the first part of the "Costa Dica," as we have already said, she faltered, evidently from the excitement under which she labored; but as she proceeded, her self-possession returned, the sound of her voice seeming to like magic upon her. In the concluding line of the second stanza, the audience began to feel her power, where her voice died away in a most angelic whisper, and then the audience clapped their hats and handkerchiefs last for several minutes. The enthusiastic applause she received here, lent her an impulse which brought her well through to the close, when she again became quiet and executed a cadenza with such thrilling effect, that the audience, carried away by her feelings, showered the most effective part of it in a storm of applause. Again a shower of bouquets fell on the stage, and the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs lasted for several minutes. On the whole the *Costa Dica* was not equal to her rendering, and a New York audience do not yet know what she can do that glorious *scena*.

In England, were deprived of their return cargo, and obliged to come home in ballast, from the fear of American reprisals. It is to be hoped that the Portuguese flag will suffer no further prejudice, and it has already paid dear enough for having protected Don Pacifico, and placing him in the hands of the English.

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The Rust.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

MUSINGS.

BY D. W. BELLINE.

Autumn winds are singing lowly
Through the forest trees,
And the leaves are rustling slowly,
Making plaintive, deep and holy
Music in the trees.

As the sun sinks in the river,
Like a soul to rest,
Golden clouds around it quiver—
Dying Nature seems to give her
Blushes in the west.

Stillness reigns—the earth is sleeping
Like a thoughtless brute—
Stars through drowsy mists are peeping—
Gentle stars, like angels keeping
Vigil at her side.

What a sweet enchanting bower!
Circling vines above!

Every fading leaf and flower
Tells me of life's fleeting hour,

Tells me "God's is Love!"

And my heart is not so weary—
For the sun is gone!

Withered flowers appear less dreary
When the chearing thought is near me—

Angels thus are made!

Leaves are daily rustling round me,
Dropping from the trees—
And obsequious wafts surround me—
Low, sepulchral sighs surround me,

Borne upon the breeze!

In such lonely hours I wander
Through the changing gloom;

And upon the Future ponders—

Musing, thus time I ponder—

Feeling "God is Love!"

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM.

BY EBENZEELE ELLIOT.

When with them save the People!
Oh, God of mercy, where!

Not kings and lords, but nations!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of thy heart, oh God, are they,

Let them not pass like weeds away,

Their heritage a winter's day.

God save the People!

Shall crime breed crime forever,
Strength ailing still the wrong?

Is it thy will, oh Father, that we
The men shall fail for wrong?

"Not!" say thy mountaineers—"No!" thy skies,

God's clouded sun shall brightly rise,

And song ascend instead of sighs,

God save the People!

When with them save the People!

Oh, God of mercy, when!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Flowers of thy heart, oh God, are they,

Let them not pass like weeds away,

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God save the People!

THE STORY-CELLER.

FANNY MOORE:

THE FEMALE HUNTER OF THE WEST.

The father of the singular heroine we are about to sketch, was a Kentucky backwoodsman.

Her mother died while she was an infant, and when she arrived at the age of fifteen, her father also died, leaving her a poor, friendless orphan. It is not surprising, then, at this tender age she married to a Missouri hunter, (an acquaintance of her deceased father,) double her years as to age, but her equal in poverty. Her whole fortune was composed of one cow, an old feather bed, a rusty frying pan, a broken set of tongs and saucers, dials of knives and forks, with horn handles, two large pewter plates, and a wooden bowl of Indian manufacture. Such was the legacy bequeathed by her surviving parent. Her husband's wealth might have well enough with such a portion brought into matrimonial partnership by his wife. A black, bold-tailed pony, a large wolf dog, and a long, heavy rifle, constituted the sum total of his goods and chattels.

So far, the nuptial contract seemed quite fair, without extravagant odds on either side. There were other considerations, however, which made the bargain, one might say, fraudulently arranged. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, healthy lass, with sky-blue eyes, golden ringlets, and a cherub laugh; slender in frame, but of wiry elasticity, and a constitution of the most tenacious vitality. He, on the contrary, was a pale, lean, hungry-looking hypochondriac, who might be supposed, from the wry faces he displayed when forced to any exertion of his limbs in profitable labor, to regard work as unpardonable sin. The entreaties and example of his young wife, it is true, did for a while, stimulate him to just sufficient effort, in the way of deer hunting, to keep them from starving. The couple then lived in Western Missouri. Fanny, with her own delicate white hands, cleared out, and cultivated a small field and managed her domestic economy with so much thrift, that, notwithstanding the laziness of Tom, they began to accumulate slowly.

But an event occurred, in the sixth year of their wedlock, that changed the present current of affairs, and started her in her wild schemes.

A "great revival," under the guidance of the Cumberland Presbyterians, swept over the West.

It seems that one Sunday the Presbyterians discussed the passage of Scripture, "Take no thought of the morrow," &c. Tom swallowed the text but rejected the comment, and, in misinterpreting the sentence, literally came to the deliberate conclusion, "that it was sinful to provide for the wants of the wicked body," and resolved to act accordingly.

It was in vain that the industrious wife debated the theological question with her slothful, infatuated spouse. Her tears, arguments and remonstrances all ended alike in her usual spasms of jerking, but as to any other sort of exertion he would not budge a peg.

Fanny's case was now critical in the extreme, for, strange to say, she still loved her husband with a love that, in spite of every imaginable damper, continued to burn on ardently in her affectionate heart till death. Hence she could not make up her mind to leave him. Besides, they had now five children, and it was absolutely impossible to support a family on the produce of their pappy, stony farm. In this emergency, that weak woman suddenly developed an energy and invincibility of lofty purpose which the whole world cannot surpass.

With indefatigable patience, she practiced and learned to shoot, till no marksman in all Missouri was her match, and, as a solitary huntress, took to the forest, and soon supplied her husband and babies with a coarse abundance of meat. It is not recorded of Moore, that he manifested any aversion towards the venison feasts which his better half provided with much labor, however much he had been opposed to the use of such worldly means himself, as the expenditure of one needful thought for the morrow.

The wild region of the Missouri at last settled up. Sunny fields, waving with golden grain, stood in the place of the old green woods which had furnished shelter and sustenance for the copious game. The buffalo fed farther off, deeper into the grand prairies, nearer to the Rocky

Mountains. The moon-beams fell broad and bright on the open bottoms where the brown bears used to needle among the matted caes. The red deer had been scared away by the sharp sound of Collins' axes. It became necessary that Fanny should move. She sold her slender "improvement" on the banks of the silver Osage, for a cart, a yoke of oxen, and a small sum of ready money; and loading the crazy vehicle with six children and her "joker" believing Tom, she started for Arkansas. In this new country, then a territory, she selected a locality fifty miles from any settlement. Here wild animals roamed in the greatest plenty, and her rude board table groaned beneath (to them) heaps of savory luxuries. This wonder of a wife now added rapidly to their humble property. Her care-worn, wasted figure grew rounder; her step, as she saddled the black pony, more elastic; and the whistle blithely by which she summoned her wolf dog to the hunting foray. Even the laugh sometimes rang out as in the merry thoughts of her early youth, loud, long and clear as the sweet tones of bell metal.

One thought of a most gloomy character alone disturbed the calm flow of her joyous reflections. Her children were growing up with the rapidity of hasty summer weeds, and utterly without education, or even the prospect of any opportunity to obtain it. The idea haunted her day and night. She turned it over in her mind to find a solution for the torturing problem. She had learned to spell, when a child, at an old school—thence to say, she had gone as far in Dillworth as three syllables, which, by the way, was nearly the extent of her lame teacher's accurate information in the pedagogical art. But her memory had long ago lost in the inverse ratio of its acquisitions, till she could scarcely be said to know her letters. Often did she bitterly regret her idleness in the early school-house, and complain, as she fondly kissed her children, on returning at night from the toilsome hunt,—"If I had only learned to read, then I could teach you, my dears." And her tears would drop like rain.

At length an incident occurred, that brought with it a suggestion shaping itself into a fixed plan, which enabled her finally to vanquish the perplexing difficulty. The author cannot do better than give the anecdote in her own artless words, as related to him, in Texas, some twelve months ago.

"I used to cry about it every night," she said, "before going to sleep, and then I would dream it all over again; for indeed it was said to think of. I knew by hard work he would, after a while, be well enough off to move into the settlements, where decent people live; and then I thought how shocking it would seem for my young ones to have no more learning than the wild Indians. The boys were getting more than half as tall as their father, and Peggy's pretty head was even as my shoulders. It was enough to make a fond mother cry. I was then in the habit of going every two or three months to Little Rock, with a pack of peltries, to buy salt and other things that we could not get along without. Once I brought back some bunches of raisins for the baby. The were wrapped up in a large newspaper, which contained a number of curious pictures. The sheet was gazed at with wonder by the poor creatures, who had never seen such an object in their lives. Little Tommy heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features he exclaimed—

"'For whom?' asked the officer, while a contemptuous smile rested upon his lips.

"'For that old man you are about to kill. '

"'He dies, boy.'

"'But he is my father, sir.'

"'No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die.'

"'But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir,' urged the boy.

"'Insulted!' repeated the Captain. "Who insulted him?"

"'You did, sir,' replied the boy, while his face flushed with indignation.

"'Get up, sir, and be careful you do not get the same treatment,' said the Captain, in a savage tone.

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"'Get up, sir, and be careful you do not get the same treatment,' said the Captain, in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features he exclaimed—

"'For whom?' asked the officer, while a contemptuous smile rested upon his lips.

"'For that old man you are about to kill.'

"'He dies, boy.'

"'But he is my father, sir.'

"'No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty, must die.'

"'But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir,' urged the boy.

"'Insulted!' repeated the Captain. "Who insulted him?"

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